

TAFT DEPARTS IN HAPPY MOOD

Last Official Act Is Signing
Department of Labor
Bill.

LEAVES AT 3:40 P. M.

Ex-President and Mrs. Taft
to Pass Three Weeks
at Augusta, Ga.

CROWD AT R. R. STATION

Members of Former Cabinet and
Many Other Friends Bid
Them Good-by.

WASHINGTON, March 4. — William Howard Taft rode through Washington twice to-day. He went on his first journey as President of the United States to his room at the Capitol to sign bills and transact other official business. The second time he was a private citizen hurrying to join his wife at the Union Station, bearing no official responsibility for the first time in twenty-eight years. He left for Augusta, Ga., at 3:40 o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. Taft was at work in his study until 3 o'clock this morning. He summoned his valet at 8 o'clock and at 8:30 partook of a hearty breakfast.

Department of Labor Bill Signed.

At 9 o'clock President Taft went to his study for his last White House "grind." Here he signed a number of bills, executive orders and commissions. The only important bill acted upon was the Department of Labor bill, which he approved.

As a last act of kindness he autographed every photograph which had been sent to him with the request for his signature. He did not go over to the executive offices but had Secretary Hilges and Executive Clerk Randolph Foster with him in his study.

Mr. Taft left his study a short time before Mr. Wilson's arrival in order to greet members of the Cabinet. At 10:18 he departed with Mr. Wilson for the Capitol.

At 11:30 Mrs. Taft left for the home of her sister, Mrs. Laughlin. She did not go to the Capitol to witness the ceremonies but waited at her sister's home until time for her to go to the Union Station.

At 2:30 Mr. Taft returned to the White House with President Wilson for luncheon. He lunched with the Wilsons in their private dining room. He had been at the White House only 18 minutes when he bade the Wilsons good-by.

Former Cabinet Members Present.

To escape crossing Pennsylvania avenue where the parade was in progress, Mr. Taft drove through the Department of Agriculture grounds and around the Capitol.

At the station the Tafts used the President's private entrance. Members of the former Cabinet, their wives and a number of friends awaited them there.

Mr. Taft was perspiring, but smiling gallantly. He chatted spiritedly with those who went with his party to their private car. "Good-by and don't forget me," he said to all of his friends.

As he stepped aboard the car Mr. Taft said: "I am about to join the pedestrian class." He remained on the rear platform as the train pulled away, waving his hat at his friends. It was a good-by party notable for its cheerfulness.

Besides Mrs. Taft and Miss Taft, Miss Laughlin, Secretary and Mrs. Hilges, accompanied the ex-President to Augusta. On another special car, next to that of Mr. Taft, there was a delegation of citizens of Augusta who had been sent here to accompany him southward. The Tafts will remain at Augusta three weeks as guests of the city. Then they will go to New Haven, where the ex-President will take up his duties as a professor of law.

TAFT SIGNS LAST BILLS.

Invites Bryan Into the President's Room and Jokes With Him.

WASHINGTON, March 4. — President Taft's last official act, aside from the purely formal office of signing his successor, was to attach his signature and approval to the District of Columbia appropriation bill.

For more than an hour Mr. Taft and members of his Cabinet occupied the President's room at the Senate end of the Capitol. Following custom Mr. Taft came to the Capitol an hour before adjournment to expedite the work of making laws. He arrived about 11 o'clock accompanied by Mr. Wilson. The little room was crowded, for in addition to the members of President Taft's Cabinet the prospective Cabinet Ministers of Mr. Wilson were on hand.

There were many visitors to the President's room. Mr. Taft seemed in excellent humor and joked with William J. Bryan about his administration, which was rapidly drawing to a close. "Come into the President's room," said Mr. Taft to the new Secretary of State. "But I'm not President," replied Mr. Bryan, hesitating at the threshold. "But I am still President," said Mr. Taft, "and I extend to you the freedom of the President's room for the next half hour."

President Taft did not approve the bill creating the new Department of Labor until after he arrived at the Capitol. There was much concern among the friends of the bill and Representative William B. Wilson of Pennsylvania, who had been offered and had accepted the place on condition that the President did not veto the bill, was in ignorance of whether he was to be in the new Cabinet until thirty minutes before Mr. Wilson took the oath of office.

The President gave out memoranda explaining why he approved the bill creating a Department of Labor. He was not satisfied with the measure, but from a feeling of delicacy, explained in his memoranda, refrained from vetoing it. In his memoranda Mr. Taft said: "I signed this bill with considerable hesitation, not because I dissent from the

purpose of Congress to create a Department of Labor but because I think that the proper administration of the Government and because I think that no new department ought to be created without a reorganization of all departments in the Government and a redistribution of the bureaus between them.

"The distribution of bureaus between the existing departments is far from being economical or logical and if there is one thing that is needed in the present situation it is a reorganization of our Government on business principles and with a view to economy in the administration of the regular governmental machinery.

"I forbear, however, to veto this bill, because my motive in doing so would be misunderstood. There is a provision in the bill for a recommendation by the head of the new department as to the reorganization of bureaus that may itself lead to a general reorganization which is so much to be desired."

SUFFRAGE "PRISONER" BARRED.

Woman in Chains Not Allowed to March in Parade.

CINCINNATI, March 4. — Messages received from Mrs. Dora Easton and Mrs. Hannah Day, Cincinnati suffragists who marched in the suffrage parade at Washington, D. C., yesterday, complained of treatment shown to inauguration visitors by landlords and ticket speculators.

"We are being held up and gouged right and left," wrote Mrs. Easton to Cincinnati friends.

Mrs. Easton also complained that Miss Anna Hall of the Susan B. Anthony Club, who planned to appear in the parade dressed as a prisoner wearing chains, was not even permitted to march. "Miss Hall was told by the chairman of the parade that she could not appear in any freakish garb," wrote Mrs. Easton.

LONDON PAPERS LAUD WILSON'S ADDRESS

Treat It as Novel and Say It
Means Era of Social
Reform.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

LONDON, March 5. — The London morning papers in editorial comments on President Wilson's inaugural address treat it as a departure both in style and substance from the traditional speeches on such occasions and say it initiates or rather connotes a new era in social reform.

The comments are wholly in admiration of the address so far as the aims of the President are concerned, but doubts are expressed as to what may be expected to be achieved by the new Administration.

The Daily Telegraph dwells on what it calls the transparent sincerity of the address and its eloquent and ornate presentation of humane ideals. It compares it to the speeches through which William Jennings Bryan became the idol of millions of Americans and says: "President Wilson has placed at last the strings of pure idealism. The chastened tone of his address has a very real correspondence with the facts of political psychology in the United States to-day."

After calling attention to the limitations of the Presidential and legislative powers and the divisions of opinion among the Democrats themselves the paper says:

"Whatever happens, President Wilson's term is certain to be a remarkable and fervid period in the modern development of the United States."

The Tory Morning Post prints some unwelcome sympathetic remarks on the combination of character and caution in the address in which it says:

"There is nothing to antagonize or alarm the great interests of the country while there is yet a note of sympathy for the poor and the suffering which is well calculated to touch the heart of humanity."

The Post commends Mr. Wilson's caution against sentimentalism and expresses the opinion that the thesis of the address is no less remarkable because it is not unqualified.

The Daily Graphic, while expressing the fear that the times are not too propitious for an idealist's wishes, wishes the President good luck and says:

"The echoes of his noble address will bring to the world, which is in the mad pursuit of international uncharitableness and schemes of a military holocaust, a welcome reminder of better things and more manly strivings."

The Daily Mail is the least appreciative of all the papers. It thinks the inaugural address rather like a tract and says it conveys somewhat too black an impression of modern conditions in America.

"One fact at least clearly appears—the era of free competition in the United States is ended and the day of Government control of industry is at hand."

The paper points out that in a life where there are going to be prizes for everybody the prizes must be of small value and that the attraction of the United States for the energetic people of Europe is a place where the rewards of success are the greatest will henceforward be to some extent lacking. Moreover, says the paper, it does not see how the trusts can be "busted" without destroying the business prosperity, which means "the full dinner pail."

The Radical newspapers are frankly delighted with the address. The Daily News and Leader says: "The note of President Wilson's inaugural is a candid and searching criticism which breaks the conventional Presidential optimism. President Wilson has set before his fellow citizens a new ideal and indicated to them the road by which it can be pursued."

The Daily Chronicle says: "The inaugural address of President Wilson is a striking expression of that elevated democracy which has long been absent from high politics in the United States. America has been forgetting the human factor in the State to succeed in the race for riches. The United States must be heartily congratulated at having such a fearless statesman at its head. We look for the influence of his spirit to spread far beyond his own country."

The Radical papers equally with the others, nevertheless, admit that the Democrats will have a hard time ahead and that the new President will need all the zealous cooperation which his friends can give him.

PARADE ENDS AFTER DARK

Continued from First Page.

"Fat" Myers, the Hon. Lambkin Heinlein (just "Lamb" if you know him intimately), the Hon. Skinny Handy and the song and cheer leader of the student delegation from President Wilson's old college, the Hon. Rawleigh Warner, even better known in academic circles of course as "Truly" Warner for obvious reasons, were there to do their duty.

Tammany Turns Out Early.

In anti-parade hours Tammany Hall, finding itself quartered almost nearest the White House and therefore among the furthest from the starting point, spilled into the street to preen itself very early.

Attending the inauguration, Congressman? A man with an "I'm from New York" hat and his chief claim to distinction asked one of the first of the Tammany folks to come upon the street in front of the hotel, the Hon. Daniel J. Flordan, Representative from Sheriff Tom Foley's bailiwick.

"Oh, no, indeed," answered Congressman Dan, and he added slowly after a thought or two, "nope, Sheriff Foley and I just came down here to get a quart of tub oysters to stuff a Christ-mas turkey for the great leaders of the Progressive party in our district, Mr. Clem Driscoll and Mr. Jack Sirocco."

The girls of the crowded streets around Pennsylvania avenue at this hour of mid-morning had their choice of attractions.

Forming on the east side of Twelfth street to get ready to go down to North Capitol and B streets to join the parade were the 2,000 Tammany braves in long black coats and carload after carload of shiny black stovepipes, while in between the hats and coats were the clear smiling eyes of innocent youth or virtuous middle age and the peach pink Tammany cheeks that reminded one of the story about the gentleman who licked the other gentleman's back, darn him, he's always getting shaved.

On the north curb of the same block was the rival attraction, just twenty-six colonels in all the gold braid of colonels of militia, Missouri militia at that, sitting astride their black horses in a line to escort their chief, Gov. Elliott W. Major, down to the starting point.

But with Tammany brave Big Tom Sullivan, from the precinct of Big Tom Sullivan, who was absent, and with Alderman Jim Smith, Ross Williams, Leader Johnny Dietz, James Jay Haggan, John P. Ahearn and similar visions done up regardless in honor of their dear friend President Wilson, the colonels from Missouri in their gold braid were doing a daisy.

And once the Tammanys had swung away to the east to get into the big noise, naturally one's first thought was to race to the west to a seat in the reviewing stands to witness all this glory in the aggregate.

Furthermore, when two blocks westward a fleeting glance was caught of Gov. Sulzer mounting a horse and wearing a matty gray overcoat and a hat of statesmanship lines that was either borrowed from or copied after the private hat stock of Mr. Hearst, one simply bowed over any one and every one to shun up to a seat where one might see it all.

A Big Noise Moment.

The arrival of Gov. Sulzer some hours later in front of the reviewing stand in the act of being a horseman was one of the big noise moments of the afternoon. And where other Governors doffed their hats occasionally, the Governor of New York waved his black broad brim from the moment the expectant throngs caught sight of him, looking above the shoulders to the crest, upon which he had faded in the gathering gloom of the west.

Gov. Mann of Virginia, he of the patrician looks and classic face and snowy white imperial, was battered with more cheers and hearty stampings and hair splitting yells than most of the Governors put together.

Nevertheless Gov. Sulzer's appearance was one of the moments associated in memories of the parade with the biggest of big noises.

The West Point cadets, the midgies from Annapolis, the Indian chiefs, a bare-headed crowd of very young and not veterans, the Princeton boys, the Tammany braves, the Kiddies Brass Band from St. Mary's Industrial School, tiny tads as to units but stretching from curb to curb of one of the widest streets of the world in row after row, the Virginia Military Institute cadets, the gray clad men of Culver, the jackets from the navy, Gov. Sulzer and his staff were up in this class of specially appreciated exhibits of the big parade.

And even before Major Gen. Wood led the parade into the court of honor at all there were moments of ecstasy for the gray clad women and children and the high tided men who began to climb the solid banks of yellow seats in the grand stands lining the north and south curbs of the court.

As early as 12:30 o'clock official and non-official spectators started to worm through the solid ranks of stanchions banked back of Washington policemen at either end of the stands, but it was 2:25 o'clock, or twenty minutes before the time the head of the parade was supposed to round the Treasury, that the automobiles, broughams and phaetons began to dash up to unload the high and mighty Ambassadors and Admirals and other things and stuff of like consequence.

Gen. Miles in Glory.

Gen. Miles, in his gold lace glory, crossing to the eastern end of the President's reviewing stand among the very earliest of the arrivals, had the entire court of honor to himself except for one spot where at the same instant Miss Hazel Dawn, musical comedy queen, was crossing the court in the other direction to a front row seat directly across the pavement from the President's chair.

So you could take your choice of attractions. Ex-Gov. David R. Francis of Missouri and George Young Bauche, Manhattan plutocrat and first nighter, also entered the court simultaneously. Gov. Francis was content with a business suit and a flat topped derby hat, but Mr. Bauche was arrayed like the lilies of the fields. Commissioner Rindelander, Waldo and Deputy Commissioner McKay climbed, high hatted, to the G section of the President's stand while Robert Adamson, secretary to New York's well known Mayor, clambered with derby well in hand and mopping his face and far flung brow.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont were other early arrivals and sat near the second

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tion glorified by the rare makeup of George Young Bauche. Past the grand stand of the President's stand, Pezet, Minister from Peru, wearing a white plumed chapeau and a uniform that assays several hundreds of thousands of dollars to the ton.

Glance of Envy

George Bauche took one flash and was framing his features into a mere glance of envy when from the opposite direction came the most Hon. Jonkheer J. Loudon, the Minister from the Netherlands, garbed in what appeared to be two rows of dynamite explosions carefully stitched on to a section of the finale of Pains fireworks show at Manhattan Beach.

Next to the constant smile of William J. Bryan, which toward dusk had grown so expansive that the gray film of clouds that had floated high melted and the stars began to blink forth cautiously, the clothes of the Minister from the Netherlands were the most gorgeous of that particular part of the grandstands.

The alert looking Congressman John Fitzgerald, Tammany's floor manager at the convention that nevertheless nominated President Wilson, added a third glistening high hat to the Waldo-McKay section early.

Justice Charles E. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes were among the first to enter the section reserved for the United States Supreme Court. Justice Hughes was garbed with almost ministerial severity, but a minute after he and Mrs. Hughes had taken their places along sauntered Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, whereupon the wildly ingenious George Young Bauche almost decided to give up altogether.

Justice Holmes carefully unbent his coat and spread the coat tails preparatory to sitting down. And with all reverence for the United States Supreme Court, may it be said, that the Hon. Timothy Woodruff and the Hon. DeWolf Hopper never, in their painted days of waistcoats, flashed so dreamy a creation as the stripes of gold and black and purple plum bloom that sizzled across and up and down the chest of the Hon. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. It's some waistcoat.

Hark! Senator Tillman is climbing the aisle close by and talking to a young but impressive looking man who in the new Administration may be—goodness knows what.

"I say to you," Senator Tillman was saying in a voice that carried across a section, "that you'll find out, young man, that when you leave here you'll know a hell of a sight more than when you came."

"In what way, for instance?" asked the younger man anxiously.

"A hell of a sight in every way," said the Senator impressively, and passed out of hearing of that part of the stand.

The great stand across the way from the President's big stand by this time was filled and it held 3,500 men and women at \$5 a seat. The seats stretched from the President's stand to the far window sort of arrangement, where the Presidential party was soon to gather, were nearly all occupied too, although there was a part of one section in this stand that remained vacant all afternoon. These two big stands, by the way, are called the reviewing stands and the reviewing columns rimmed above the eaves with white trellis work are copied from the porticoes of the house that Thomas Jefferson planned and Mrs. Martin W. Littleton discounted. And it is said—

But here comes the President. Stand up!

President Concealed From View.

Because of another innovation in the form of impenetrable and very high walls of cedar tree stalks bound together at either end of the President's stand, the White House and its lawns were completely hidden from the avenue even at the reviewing stand on the side of the President's stand. The crowd consequently could not see that now President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson had come from the White House portico and were entering the stand by a rear entrance.

The avenue crowds, however, ten minutes earlier had seen the President and Vice-President parties drive past the stands on the way back from the inauguration ceremonies at the Capitol. There had been a rising cheer then as Gen. Wood in the glories of chief of staff and the Essex Troop of New Jersey, the President's escort, had led the way into the White House grounds, followed by the carriage containing the President and Vice-President Taft and Senators Bacon and Crane, Vice-President Marshall's carriage, in which were also Senator Overman and Representative Rucker; the carriages containing the Taft Cabinet and Representatives McKinley and Garrett. This little procession, headed for the alleged White House luncheon, which never is eaten, was brought to a clattering close by the black horse troop of cavalry boys from Culver.

The Essex troop and the Culver cavalry lined up along the court of honor during the very few minutes the new President went back to the White House to say good-by to Mr. Taft. There would have been no excitement at all except that of expectancy from the grand stands during this lull if one of the Essex troopers had not contrived to fall off his horse while the horse wasn't doing a thing but standing still. And just before the President appeared in the reviewing stand another Essex trooper set out to fall off his horse into the car tracks even more forcibly than his colleague had done. The second Jersey cavalryman succeeded nobly too and hit on his left ear and right heel simultaneously.

Greeting the President.

And the next minute the crowd forgot the troubles of the Jersey cavalrymen as President and Mrs. Wilson appeared at the rail of the reviewing stand. Next came Vice-President Marshall and Mrs. Marshall. The President and Vice-President, both carrying their high hats and wearing black overcoats over their black frock coats, in answer to the cheers that greeted them bowed and

waved hands clad in gloves of almost the same shade of iron gray as their respective close cropped locks.

There was a blast of a trumpet down near the Treasury where the head of the parade waited patiently for the signal that the President and Vice-President had arrived in the stand. Then in order quite informal the other members of the President's immediate party filtered into the reviewing box as the very first lines of the military regulars at the head of the line began what was to be an afternoon and part of a night of eyes right, salutes of sabres and the presenting of arms.

At the very rim of the stand Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall stood a step in advance of the women of the party, who remained seated except when something so extraordinary as the Hon. "Fat" Myers's gay highbrows from Princeton, the Indian chiefs, Tammany, Gov. Sulzer or the West Point cadets or Annapolis midshipmen hove into sight.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall sat to the left and slightly back of the President and Vice-President. The three Misses Wilson sat or stood back of their mother. Banked behind the President's daughters were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson, the President's sister, Mrs. Annie Howe; her daughter, Mrs. Perrin Colman, and the "White House baby," tiny Josephine Colman, aged 14 months.

The reviewing box also contained the President's nephews, George Howe and J. Wilson Howe, and their wives, six-year-old Miss Virginia Howe, Chairman Arthur Peter of the reviewing stand committee, Senator Bacon, Col. and Mrs. E. M. House of Texas, William Corcoran, Eugene and William F. McGowan. Back of these were the members of the new Cabinet and their wives, the Justices of the Supreme Court and their wives, the glittering diplomatic corps with their wives and daughters, and, smiling sunshine over all and all over, William Jennings Bryan with Mrs. Bryan and Lindsey M. Garrison, the new Secretary of War, sitting on either side of Mr. Bryan.

President Enjoyed It.

President Wilson entered the reviewing stand at 3:08 o'clock and he stood watching the parade go by until 7:10 at night. Those who have been much with Mr. Wilson during recent years know that affairs of this kind as a rule seem to bore him. At least he has been known to look bored after half an hour of watching a procession. To-day, however, he seemed to enjoy every line of the big spectacle and when the last of the rear guard had passed, the President, although admitting to being very tired, said he had had a very good afternoon of it indeed. Mrs. Wilson had given up the strain about ten minutes earlier and had gone across the lawn to her new White Home, completely tired out.

From the time Gen. Wood, the grand marshal, and Lieut.-Col. Henry T. Allen, U. S. A., Chief of Staff, rode by at 3:10 o'clock until ten minutes to 8 o'clock the President and the thousands about him saw regular army cavalrymen, Field and Coast Artillery Engineers, Signal Corps and infantry and sailors go by. Marine were to have been in the line too, but to-day the marines that had expected to march either were gathering for possible business of an arduous sort in Gulf ports or headed that way.

The darkness dimmed little of the glory of the service section that began to come from the gloom a minute or two before 8 o'clock, with the Hon. Robert N. Harpin, Chief of Staff, and Alvin G. Bell, chief of staff, in the lead. In fact the sudden blaze of electric lights that greeted the head of the first brigade of the fourth grand division, which was the leading brigade of the many in the parade given over to civic organizations, added a novel glory to the proceedings.

National guardsmen from almost all the Eastern States had filed past at the end of the division just preceding the service bodies and there were more troops of "independent" militia bodies even in the civic divisions. Political marching clubs from the East and middle West came in still more thousands upon thousands. Back of the militia and military school regiments was one band which had journeyed all the way from California to be in line.

Governors of States, either at the head of their militia or leading their political marching clubs, were next door to becoming commonplace. And along toward the final part of the last part of the end part were the college boys from most of the big Eastern colleges, who opened their way out of the darkness through the light and on to outward darkness again, wearing either broad bands of their college colors or collegiate caps and gowns. And there were thousands of the students too.

The crowds had begun to melt away with thoughts of belated dinner by the time the collegians came into sight. But the President and Vice-President hung on to the bitter end and then President Wilson went across the dark lawn into his new home.

PUSHED OFF TRAIN. BOY SAYS.

Tells Jury in Railroad Suit Wheels Rolled Over Legs.

A boy's story of how he had his legs cut off after he had run away from home and was trying to steal a ride back on a New York Central train held a jury before Supreme Court Justice Amend interested for several hours yesterday. The boy was Elias Addis, 16 years old. When the trial began on Monday his attorney told the jury that the boy was his only witness, and that efforts had been made by agents of the railroad company to put the boy out of the way also. "Come for the railroad company objected to the statement and asked Justice Amend to declare the case a mistrial because the story of the alleged plot against the boy tended to prejudice the jury. The court reserved decision, but decided yesterday that the case could go on."

Addis testified he ran away from home in May, 1910, but that when he got to Fishkill Landing he was overcome by loneliness and decided to return. He had no money, so he decided to steal a ride.

"I was hanging round the railroad yards when I heard the whistle of a freight," he said. "I jumped the train, climbed to the roof of a car and sat down with my feet hanging over. Noon I heard a yell for me to get off. Before I knew it a man pinned me down with both arms. I struggled to get free, pleaded with him, saying I would get off at the next station, but he paid no attention and pushed me off. I hit against something and then I landed on the ground and my legs went under the wheels."

The case was not finished.

Say Skates Wear Out Sidewalks.

PATERSON, March 4. — Citizens of Totowa Borough have asked the Borough Council to put a stop to roller skating. Their complaint is that the school children are wearing out the newly laid cement sidewalks on Lincoln avenue.

B. Altman & Co.

The Parasol Department

is displaying an interesting assortment of Parasols for Spring and Summer, to which new importations are constantly being added. The smartest shapes and coverings in Parasols for ceremonious use, Coaching Parasols, Lingerie Parasols and Parasols for every day.

Orders received for Parasols to match Special Costumes.

The Rug Department

has just received and is showing a shipment of Hand-Braided Natural Rush Rugs for Veranda use. Other advance styles in Spring and Summer Floor Coverings now being shown include Imported and American Art Rugs, Colonial Homespun Rugs, Mohair Rugs, and Cotton, Wool and Cork Mats for bathroom purposes.

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MRS. T. CARY WELCH "KIDNAPS" HER SON

Takes Boy From Governors and Brings Him to Waldorf for Lunch.

Mrs. Thomas Cary Welch, wife of the assistant Executive Secretary of the Philippine Government, who came here from the islands to see her son, who is in the custody of his father, Henry B. Baker, took matters into her own hands yesterday and carried off the boy to luncheon with her at the Waldorf in spite of the protests of a governor, who thought her charge was being kidnapped.

Mrs. Welch, who was a Miss Virginia Lee of Boston, was married to Mr. Baker, who is a nephew of the late John Stewart Kennedy, in 1898, and obtained a divorce from him in June, 1911. The father was awarded custody of the boy, Henry Martyn Baker, with the proviso that the mother should be allowed to see him. The boy, who is 13 years old, is one of the heirs of the late John S. Kennedy and it is said that he will come into a fortune of several millions when he becomes of age. Following her divorce Mrs. Baker married Thomas Cary Welch and went to live in the Philippines.

Yesterday Mrs. Welch learned that the boy was attending Miss Boyce's School for Little Boys, 4 West Fifty-ninth street, and planned to be near there at the noon recess. When her son came off accompanied by a governess, who had never seen Mrs. Welch, she accosted them. The boy was delighted to see her and gladly agreed to go with his mother to the Waldorf.

Accompanied by his lawyer, Francis Woodbridge, Mr. Baker hurried to the hotel. The mother was finally allowed to have luncheon with her son and after chatting with him a while took him back to his school in time for his afternoon's work.

PRESIDENT GIVES LUNCHEON.
Entertains Officials and Friends, Then Eats With Taft.

WASHINGTON, March 4. — President Wilson entertained the Congressional committee on arrangements, the inaugural committee, the retiring Taft Cabinet, members of the Democratic National Committee and personal and political friends of himself and Vice-President Marshall at a buffet luncheon in the White House immediately after the inaugural ceremonies.